

THE ⁴⁹
Way of the Town:
K OR, THE
SHAM-HEIRESS.

A Burlesque Poem.

Being a SATYR on the
Ladies of Pleasure
AND THE
Beaux's of the Town.

With the FABLE of the
Lady's Silver PISS-POT.

L O N D O N

Printed; and Sold by J. MORPHEW near
Stationer's-Hall, and A. DODD at *Temple-*
Bar. 1717.

Price One Shilling.

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OR, THE
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A Burlesque Poem.

8/18

By a Gentleman

Ladies of Pleasure



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THE
WAY of the TOWN:
OR, THE
Covent - Garden
HEIRESSES.
A
Burlesque P O E M.

By the Author of the SILVER PISS-POT.

*Laudat, amat, cantat nostros mea Roma Libellos:
Meque sinus Omnes, me manus omnis habet.
Ecce rubet quidam, pallet, stupet, oscitat, odit,
Hoc volo, nunc nobis carmina nostra placent.*
Mart. Lib. 4.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by John Wopheto near
Stationers-Hall, and A. Dodd at Temple-
Bar. 1716.

THE
WAY of the TOWN

OF THE
GARDEN - GARDEN

HERBS



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T H E P R E F A C E.



*I*Nstead of Complementing the Reader with Apology or Excuse for Publishing the following Papers, I think it much better to tell him the Truth, and acknowledge ingenuously, that the HINTS were taken from an Old Practitioner of the Town, one that knew The WAY of it, perhaps, as perfectly as any Man of his Time.

He spent the greatest Part of his Life in or near COVENT-GARDEN; and, as I have been told, had a mighty Curiosity to pry into the Humours of the Age. His

The PREFACE.

Conversation and Business lay chiefly among the Ladies and Gentlemen, and consequently among those of Pleasure as well as Others.

How he came to put his Observations into RHYME, I think, is not very Material. It seems he had always a virulent Itch that Way; and when a Man's once Infected, the Contagion commonly lasts as long as his Life.

As to his Abilities in the Art of Dogg'rel, I must own I can't much commend them; and indeed am apt to believe, if he had left the Characters of his BEAU and HEIRESS in any other Dress they might have been much better.

The first and principal Ends of Poesy are to Instruct or Please, if not both; and whoever comes short of that, subjects himself to the infamous Character of a Poetaster. Poesy, says the Divine Roscommon,

Admits

The PREFACE.

Admits of no Degrees, but must
be still,
Sublimely good, or despicably ill.

*This was our Master HORACE's
standing Maxim many Hundred Tears ago;
a Maxim that will remain in Force to the
End of Time; and had it been duly ob-
serv'd, it must probably have prevented
so many incorrigible Blockheads from ex-
posing themselves in Print: Blockheads,
as the inimitable Author of HUDIBRAS
wittily takes notice:*

————— who in spight
Of Nature and their Stars will write.

*Our Author indeed was none of this
Sort; he had 'tis true some Smatterings
this way, and lov'd to be Nibbling: but
then 'twas when he had nothing else to do;
or either to gratifie his Curiosity, or divert
himself among some of his particular Ac-
quaintance.*

For

The PREFACE.

For my own part, I confess, I have no great Reason to value my self upon these kind of Performances; nor, to tell you the Truth, am I very fond of the Business: these Papers were put into my Hand by a Friend who desir'd me to look 'em over, and try if I cou'd find any thing in 'em that was worth preserving.

In reading of 'em, I found a great deal both of Wit and Humour, and some particular Hints that I had never seen nor heard of, nor I believe any body before me: upon which 'twas concluded to Lick 'em over, and to make some few Alterations and Additions, in order to render them a little more Modern and Uniform.

And now perhaps it may be expected, that after the Mode of other Prefacers, I shou'd say something in my own Vindication, in pursuance whereof, the Gentle Reader is desir'd to take notice,

That Whereas I have been inform'd,
that great Numbers of Young Ladies
and

The PREFACE.

and Gentlemen are lately come up to London, and that others are preparing to make the same dangerous Experiment, I thought I could not do better, than throw these Cautions in their way, which if they do them no good, I'm sure they can do them no harm, and so at worst they must look upon them as a well-intended Impertinence.

I foresee indeed it will be objected, that my Method is improper, and that Burlesque and Lampoon are below the Dignity of the Design, without considering the Nature and Tempers of the Persons for whom this Specimen is intended. In truth if I were to deal with none but those of Sense and Sobriety I shou'd be of that Opinion my self; but as these Papers are design'd for a quite different Sort of People, I think that Objection too frivolous to merit an Answer.

Besides, most of the Persons that will fall within the Cognizance of this little Book, are either too Proud, too Impudent, too Ignorant, or too Incurable
to

The PREFACE.

to mend upon the Liberty of plain Dealing. Others too are too big and dangerous for either Reproof or Counsel in direct Terms; so that there is no way to come at them but by way of Metaphor and Circumlocation. They must be strok'd, handl'd gently and play'd with, like wild Beasts, before they can be tam'd; and great Care must be taken too in the Management, or else 'tis ten to one but they Bite or Scratch in the Operation.

But let me say what I will, I know the HEIRESSSES, BEAUS, SHARPERS, &c. will be offended: and what if they are! All that they can say, I think, is to be answer'd in three Words. What I have done I meant it well; and let the Performance be what it will, I have still the Satisfaction of a good Intention.

The Thracians had a Custom of old to expose their Drunken Helots to their Children: I have but transcrib'd from their Copy, and if they do not approve my Method, they may easily mend it by changing their Manner of Life and Conversation.

The PREFACE.

tion: they have one certain way, and but One, to confute every thing that has been said; and that is, to live so that no body shall believe it.

When they do that, which I never expect, I'll burn the rest of these Papers, and Recant This. Indeed I see but little Hopes of 'em, and yet methinks 'tis very strange, if at some time or other they shou'd not be satiated with their Fooleries; and, as my Lord Rochester expresses it,

“ Fill'd with the Noysom Follies of the
“ Age,

“ Grow weary of their Parts, and quit
“ the Stage:

“ For who in Life's dull Farce a Part
“ wou'd bear,

“ Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all
“ the chief Actors are.

THE

THE PREFACE

There is no doubt one certain way, and but
one, to complete every thing that has been
said; and that is, to live so that no body
shall believe it.

When they do that, which I never ex-
pect, I'll own the rest of these things, and
because they have I for but look
- hopes of 'em, and yet maintain 'em, and
- strange, if at home, and at other places
- not be failed with their Hobbies, and
- my Lord Rochester expresses it.

Fill'd with the Vision of the

" Age,
Grown weary of their Fate, and with

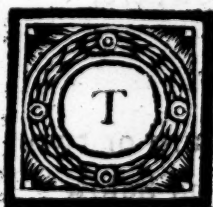
" the Stage,
For who in Life's dull Hours a Part

" would bear,
Miserable Rogues, Whores, Bandits, and

" the Stage, all in a Row.



T H E
WAY of the *TOWN*:
O R, T H E
Covent - Garden
H E I R E S S.



H E Country 'Squire that wants to be
undone,
Let him take Horſe and gallop up to
Town :

And firſt to *Covent-Garden* let him go,
To chuſe a Wife, and learn to be a Beau :
There, if the Younker hankers for a Wife,
He'll meet with One will fit him to the Life ;
Or if he thinks gay Equipage and Beauing
Will mend his Manners and improve his Wooing,
He cannot want a Tutor if he goes,
To *Will's* or *Tom's* and lolls among the Beaus.

B

But

2 *The WAY of the TOWN: Or,*

But then, lest he both Wife and Beau mistake,
We'll Madam first, and next describe the Rake.

When Madam wakes, her Legs and Arms she
stretches,
Strokes up her Mob, and doleful Sighs she fetches:
Oh! for a Husband now, and rubs her Eyes;
Had I one here I'm sure I shou'd not rise.
At this she calls her Maid to get her drest;
There's a New Play, and she'll go hear't rehearse.

Isbel, says she, come bring my Slippers quickly,
Lord, Lord, what makes me ev'ry Morning sickly!
Fetch me the Bason I may save my Water,
There's something more than ord'nary the matter;
I have such constant Pricking too elsewhere,
That I am horridly afraid I'll swear.

Her Night-Gown on, she takes a Turn or two,
Belches, and then lets loose some Wind below;
Which being pent in *Abdomen* too long,
Makes Madam often smell a little strong.

Next she sits down, and having pick'd her Toes,
And Thumb and Fingers thrice apply'd to Nose,
She yawns, and up she throws her Morning Phlegm,
Calls for a Dram, and then she tells her Dream;

And

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 3

And so goes on incessantly to prate,
Till *Isbel* puts her in the mind 'tis late :
At which she swears by *Jove*, I had forgot,
Why did you let me lie so long, you Sot ?
I told my Cousin, I'd be there by Nine.
Bring my Red Stockings, for I must be fine ;
Set the Lac'd Shoes, and fetch my Silver Buckles,
You tedious Sow, run or I'll break your Knuckles :
I'll warrant you 'tis Ten a Clock at least,
No Mortal sure is plagu'd with such a Beast :
You'll never know your Business, Reach my Socks,
And pray forget to put some Snuff i'th' Box.

Isbel.] You always take one up before one's down,
Why shou'd I call before the Things were come ?
Madam, the Starcher has not brought the Pinner,
She does not think you'll stir till after Dinner :
The Girl indeed brought home the Bridle t'you,
But said, she must not leave it till she see you.
You know the Reason, Madam, I suppose :
Madam.] Leave prating Huffy or I'll slit your Nose.
I bid the Scoundrels come by Eight a Clock ;
Pray have you taken care for a clean Smock.

Isbel.] Why truly, Madam, I have taken care,
But—— [*Madam.*] But what, you Beast ! how like
a Toad you stare !

Isbel.] Why, Madam, to be plain, the Woman swore
You'd gone so far that she wou'd trust no more :

4 *The WAY of the TOWN*: Or,

And further said, that Ladies of your Fashion
Shou'd never want a spare Smock on Occasion.

Madam] Damn'd Impudence ! has Monsieur brought
the Stays ;

Must I be thus tormented every Ways ?

Well ! when I come to pay I'll let 'em know,
What 'tis to use a Gentlewoman so.

Impatient thus she flings about the Room,
Expecting when the Equipage wou'd come :
Then going to the Glass, says she, I look
Like one that is by God and Man forsook.
Reach me the Paint, and bring a Patch or two,
I'm such a hideous Ghost 'twou'd make one spue ;
And draw the Curtain o'er that cursed Glass,
I can't endure to see this filthy Face.

Isbel] Why, Madam, who have you to thank for
that,
But your sweet Self for sitting up so late ;
You keep such Hours and drink so hard withal,
That I don't wonder that your Cheeks shou'd fall.
To sit up ev'ry Night till Four or Five,
In time must ruin the best Face alive.

At this the Slipper goes at *Isbel's* Pate,
You sawcy Slut dare you presume to prate ;

D'you

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 5

D'you think I don't know better what to do,
Than to be taught by such a Trapes as you.
You shall direct me, Trollop, so you shall,
Thou basest of the Sex ; thou *Abigail*.

Hey day ! says *Isbel*, what a Stir you keep ;
You rave and tear as if you wanted Sleep.
Here take your Slipper, Madam, or I'll burn it,
And if you throw't again, 'Gad I'll return it.
Why, what the good Luck, what is here to do,
I am no more an *Abigail* than you.
Pray, Madam, let no more of that be said,
You rais'd your Fortune from a Chamber-maid.
And I cou'd tell you more too if I wou'd ;
Such Usage can't be born by Flesh and Blood.
If you don't like me, Madam, pray lets part,
I vow to God I speak it from my Heart.
I value not a Rush your Three Pound Ten,
And stinking Shoes and Stockings now and then.
As for your Gowns, you dye 'em o'er and o'er,
And when they're fitting to be wore no more,
A China Woman must be call'd forsooth ;
A very hopeful Place I have in troth.

Madam.] Was ever such a Termagant in Nature,
I will provide me, thou audacious Creature ;
Ungrateful Monster ! But 'tis always so,
When you have serv'd your Turns you want to go.

6 The *WAY* of the *TOWN*: Or,

When you came here, you scarce had Shoes and
Stockings,
And wore a Smock was made of Country Flockings;
A Linsey-Woolsey Gown and Petticoat,
And all your other Geer not worth a Groat.
I don't forget your Peaking and your Yawning,
Till you were cur'd there's nothing was so fawning;
But I'll take care you pay the Doctor's Cost,
And make good all that you have broke or lost.
You're good for nothing, you audacious Slut,
But carrying Tales and pilf'ring for your Gut;
With all your Pride you scarce can stick a Pin,
Oh grant me Patience! if she does not grin!

Madam began to rave and call her Whore,
When with the Stays came *Monsieur* to the Door,
Who knocking hard, says she, You beastly Sot,
For shame remove that stinking Chamber-Pot;
Draw the Bed-Curtains, and right up the Room;
(Here's a fine Sight if any one shou'd come;)
Stir up the Fire, and then run down and see
Who 'tis that knocks so hard to speak with me.
Make haste, you Slattern, and if't be a Dun,
Be sure you let 'em know that I'm at Home;
Or if't's the Catchpole that was here last Night,
Don't fail to bring him up, to shew your Spite.
Isbel.] — You need not be so frightened, if you please,
'Tis only *Monsieur* has brought home the Stays.

Madam.]

The Covent Garden HEIRESS. 7

Madam.] Go, call him up, a filthy cringing Knave,
Must I sit here to wait on such a Slave?

Bougre, says she, why must I stay so long?

Monsieur.] Bégar, because me had no sooner done.
Yourn be so damn'd a cross confounded Shape——

Madam.] You lye, you Slave, and chatter like an Ape.

Monsieur.] Garzoon! Me lye? Bégar, me do no lye.

Madam, me swear you been so mush awry,

Me cannot find your Shape out for mine Soul.

Madam.] Ay! this is still your Way, you botching

Fool:

But let my Shape be ne'er so cross and ill,

I shall take care to mend it in your Bill.

Whilst *Monsieur* thus with *Madam* stood the Bears,
The Girl with Bridle nimbly mounts the Stairs.

Madam, says she, pray do not take it ill,

That with your Bridle I have brought your Bill:

My Mistress bid me say, that she was sorry

She could not farther trust, nor longer tarry.

Hussy, says *Madam*, you're an idle Quean;

Take both your Bill and Bridle home again,

And tell your Mistress she's impertinent

To send her Maid with such a Complement.

At which the Girl lets drop a formal Lip,

Madam, says she, I thank your Ladyship;

The Hussy will go home and do your Errant,

For which you will not want for Thanks, I'll warrant.

Next

8 *The WAY of the TOWN: Or,*

Next comes the Starcher with the Washer-Woman,
Who both had the Repute of being Common,
But being now grown past the Date of Whoring,
Had learn'd those Trades in order to Procuring.
Madam, says one, I've sat up half the Night
To starch your Pinner, and to set them right.
Says t'other, I was up so early too,
My poor Head akes I can't tell what to do.
In short, they give her each a gentle Dun,
At which she frowns, and bids them call anon.

These scarce were gone but streight another
knocks ;
Confound 'em all, says Madam ; what the Pox,
These Monsters will devour me if I stay,
And yet, by Heav'ns, I cannot get away.
But come, I know a Trick to cure this Evil ;
I'll Bilk 'em all, then let 'em go to th' Devil.

Says *Isbel*, Madam, 'tis your *China* Chap,
She comes by your Appointment for a Rap ;
Your old Gauze Hood and Scarf are topping Ware
For *Monmouth-Street*, or rather for *Rag-Fair* ;
And, if you stand it hard, she'll give a Brace
Of her best Dishes, tho' you save the Lace.

Madam.]

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 9

Madam.] You're very witty; pray, if't be no Crime,
Step down and bid her call another time;
I owe her some small Matter, and perhaps
She'll dun me too like all my other Chaps.

Isbel returns, and told her that she swore,
Till she had seen her, she'd not leave the Door.
She says, you owe her Thirteen and a Groat,
And swears she'll have it, or tear out your Throat;
And truly I believe she stays to watch you,
And am afraid will Nab you if she catch you.

Madam.] Go down again and bid her call to Mor-
row;
I'll pay this Drab tho' I the Money borrow.
Sure 'tis my Evil Genius rules to Day:
What won't these Vermin for a Fortnight stay?
But let 'em rail; if I can raise the Cole,
I'll down to th' Bath, and there I'll lose them all.

Isbel.] Madam, there were two other Men below,
One storm'd and rav'd, the other made a Bow,
And bid me give his Service to my Lady,
And said he'd call again as soon as may be.
But t'other ill-bred Monster curs'd and swore
Ten Thousand Oaths that he'd come here no more,
And

10 *The WAT of the TOWN: Or,*

And call'd your Ladyship so many Whores,
That I must blush when I stir out of Doors.

Madam.] Base blackmouth'd Villain ! *Isbel*, this
vile Rogue

Is a poor Dyer lately come in vogue.

One of the Play-house Ladies set him up,
And lent him Money first to take a Shop ;
And now the Scoundrel Bullies up and down ;
I'll have him cudgell'd if it cost a Crown.

The other Spark is Foreman to a Mercer,
An easy, modest Man, and a good Dresser ;
Speaks *French*, and wears clean Linnen ev'ry Day,
And seldom misses thrice a Week, the Play.

There's hardly one in Town more fit to come
And Chat with Ladies in a Drawing-Room.

He knows the Players Names, Dances, and Sings,
And does a world of other handsome Things :

Pray therefore, *Isbel*, if you chance to meet him,
With the best Language you can think of Greet him:

And tell him, when he is from Business free,
I shou'd be proud he'd spend an Hour with me.

I have some Obligations to the Man,
And to deserve 'em I'll do all I can.

The Coast thus clear, and Maid and Mistress
Friends,

Isbel, as usual, Madam thus attends :

The

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 11

The Wash is brought, and then the Dressing-Chair,
Next the burnt Cork, and Combs to set her Hair:
The Patch-Box next, and next the Pinner's brought.
Says Madam, Still you've the chief Thing forgot;
Pray where's my Common-Prayer-Book? You ne're
mind it:

I've sought it for this Fortnight, and can't find it.
D'you think without a Book to Church I'll venture,
And go to God and Pray like a Dissenter?
Theirs is an ugly, formal, nasty Way,
And with their Eyes and Hands they only Pray,
And never know a Word their Preachers say. }
I can say sev'ral Pray'rs my self by rote,
But what of that, it Edifieth nought:
Besides, to be at Church without a Book,
How like a Fool must any Woman look?

But bring my Breakfast first, for Shame make
haste;
I'm always sick before I break my Fast.
I'll warrant too you have no Butter spread;
What is it, *Isbel*, that has turn'd your Head?
Bring me a Crust to nabble on the while,
And then make haste and make the Water boyl.
Fetch me the *Persian* Gown that's lin'd with Sattin,
And the new Quilted Petticoat with Matting:
Of all my Coats with Hoops, I like that best;
Whalebone and Cane to Matting are a Jest:

And

12 *The WAY of the TOWN*: Or,

And whosoe'er invented first that Fashion,
I think has done good Service to the Nation.
Then bring my Rump, without it I'm so lank,
My Buttocks are no bigger than my Flank:
I happen'd to forget it t'other Day,
Lord! says my Cousin, how you're fall'n away!
I cou'd not tell the Reason, I protest,
But by my blushing I believe she guest.
She wears a Rump her self, and so do most,
And look without one like a Whipping-Post:
Fools may make sport with Rumps, but still we find
Most Men like best a Woman full behind.
But quickly run, the Liquor will boyl o'er,
And then you spoil the Coffee to be sure.
I'm sure I've show'd you fifty times the Way
To make good Coffee, Chocolate and Tea;
And I must tell you, till you learn that Art,
Your other Service is not worth a Fart:
Besides, who knows what Time may bring to pass?
Pray, *Isbel*, turn your Head t'wards *Charing-Cross*,
There's one's grown Rich, Marry'd, and keeps her
Coach for't.

T'other stands fair to be my Lady *Rockf---d*.
And pray from what Beginnings did they rise;
Don't flight it, *Isbel*, this is good Advice:
You may have lucky Hits as well as they,
And do deserve it better ev'ry Way.

But

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS: 13

But come ; I shall stay prating here so long,
Till my Acquaintance are all gone from home.
Reach me my Scarf, and bring me a thin Hood,
My thick one's rusty and quite out o'th' Mode.
My Orange Gloves, altho' they cost me dear,
I cannot pull them on but they will tear ;
Step to the Box and fetch another Pair.
I never understood the Chaff'ring Way,
But thought that best for which I most did pay ;
And so, the Proverb fully to compleat,
Thought still the Pennyworth 'twas made the Cheat.
Fetch me my Mask and bring my *Indian Fan*;
Then call a Coach and bargain with the Man :
But first let me my Pocket-Book survey,
Where I've set down the Visits of the Day.

——“ To the Rehearsal betwixt Nine and Ten,
“ Then to *Hide-Park* to see them view the Men ;
“ When that was o'er, it was my next Design
“ To go—— But that's a Blank. ——somewhere to
dine.
“ When I had got my Dinner—— Let me see ——
“ ——To *Madam Hope's* in *Holborn* to drink Tea ;
“ From thence to *Cousin Bussie's* in *Soho* ;
“ And after that, I was design'd to go
“ To *Mrs. Slit's*, the Match and Mantua-Maker,
“ To hear some Tidings of my *Linnen-Draper*.

C

“ At

14 *The WAY of the TOWN: Or,*

- “ At Four, I promis’d I would meet my Aunt
“ At *Covent-Garden* Church with her Gallant ;
“ And, after Pray’rs, I was to go along
“ With them, and hear the last New Play-house
Song.
“ In *Bridges-Street* I am to call at Five,
“ And there I’ll be as sure as I’m alive ;
“ Because ’tis there I meet my Cousin *Kit*,
“ Who has secur’d us Places in the Pit.

Says *Isbel*, Madam, truly I declare
Yo’ve cut this Day out to a very Hair ;
And if you could divide the Night so too,
Lord ! what a World of Bus’ness you might do !

Come come, you witty Slut, ne’er talk of Bus’ness,
Go call a Coach, I’ll go to Cousin *Disney*’s :
There I shall meet *La Trap* and Monsieur *Caper*,
And here what News, and see the Play-house Paper.

The Coach is come, and Madam stepping in
Her Garter breaks, and she gets out again :
That Breach repair’d, she bids the Coachman go
And drive directly on to *Channel-Row* ;
But pray go thro’ the *Strand*, and make a Stop
At Mrs. *Buda*’s at the *China* Shop.
At this the surly Dog begins to swear,
Madam, says he, I hope you know my Fare ;

And

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 15

And if you please to stop me by the Way,
I do expect that you should mend my Pay.
Go on, says she, and make no Words about it,
You shall be paid your Fare, you need not doubt it.
The Fellow mounts, but e'er he could be gone
She bawls again, Hold, Stop, I am undone.
I've left my Snuff-box, and am too hard lac'd.
'Tis always thus when I am most in haste.

Coachman.] Pox of your Snuff-box and your rotten
Lace,

I shall stay waiting here and lose my Place:
The D——I would not ply in *Covent-Garden*,
There's not a Fare in ten that's worth a Farthing;
'Tis so o'er-run with Sharpers, Beaus and Bullies,
And swarms so much with Bawds, Whores, Pimps
and Cullies,
That they must better Judges be than I,
That know what's what, and who 'tis fit to ply.

Madam.] Hold your disgraceful Tongue for shame,
you Brute:

You shall be paid; then what need you dispute?
Go call the Maid. At which the Fellow bawls,
Come down, come down, thou worst of *Abigails*:
Isbel runs down in haste to know the Matter,
So frighted she could hardly hold her Water:

16 *The WAY of the TOWN: Or,*

Lord! Madam, you yaul out with might and main,
I durst have sworn you had almost been slain.

Why what the Dickens will the Neighbours say?
I vow to God, I am aham'd to stay.

Madam.] Then you may go you Slut. Cuds Life and
Death,

I'm girt so tite I scarce can fetch my Breath.

Unlace my Stays, I'm bound so pockey hard,

You may let loose a quarter of a Yard.

Not make a Noise? By Heav'ns, I would not go

So pinnion'd up as far as *Channel-Row*

For the best Fifty Pieces in the Town.

Says *Isbel*, you'd do worse for Half a Crown.

Madam.] You lye, you damn'd, confounded, spiteful
Jade.

Isbel.] Madam, I mean you'd do't i'th' way of Trade.

Madam.] I can't stay now to hold an Argument.

Coachm.] Nor I, by *Jove*. Pray, have you giv'n her
Vent,

That she may, if Occasion should require,

At one End belch, at t'other End give Fire?

Madam.] Betwixt you both I stand a pretty Lay.

Madam, says the Coachman, may I drive away?

Madam.] No, Vermin, you shall stay and cool your
Heels,

And after that shall drive to *Tuttle Fields*;

From thence, if I desir't, to *Tower Hill*:

And this I'll have you do, because I will.

Isbel.]

Isbel] These are but only *Airs*, and you're too late ;
You'd better stay and dine with *Madam Kate*.
Then you'll be near at hand against you meet
Your Cousin *Kit* at Five in *Bridges-Street*.

Madam.] 'Tis well remembred, *Isbel*, for to day
Some *City Ladies* will be there at play ;
And one they say's exceeding witty too ;
I'll swear I wou'd not for a *Crown* but go.
Here *Coachman*, here's a *Tester* for your *Trouble*.
Coachm.] *Zoons*, *Madam*, what do you take me for
a *Bubble*?

I will not stir till I have my full *Fare*.
I thought indeed what sort of *Chaps* you were :
But since you're in th' *Coach*, if you are willing,
I'll carry you to *Madam's* for the *Shilling* ;
I think she lives in *Bow-street* near the *Cock*,
As right a *Dame* as ever took up *Smock*.

Madam.] Then pray make no more *Words*, but drive
us thither.

Coachm.] What will your *Ladyships* go both together?

Madam.] We will, unless her *Ladyship* refuse it,
For once go both together and not use it.

Isbel] Marry come up, We won't go both for once,
I wou'd not have you think I'm such a *Dunce*.
The *Coachman*, who stood holding of the *Door*,
Swears a great *Oath*, Come in, you little *Whore* :

18 *The WAY of the TOWN*: Or,

How long, you prating Harlot, must I stay?
Hav'n't ev'ry Bitch, as well as Dog, her Day?
At this she made a Lip and in she gets,
And by her Mistress Cheek by Jole she sits.

When they came home to Madam's, who fate dress'd
In all her Pomp to treat her City Guest,
Cousin, says she, I blush as I'm a Sinner,
I hope you an't come out without your Dinner.
Madam.] Yes, but I am, and Coach'd it hither too
On purpose, Madam, for to dine with You.
Lord! how unlucky's this! w've din'd this Hour.
Madam.] You did not use to dine so soon I'm sure.
But come, we'll make a shift; *Isbel*, go try
If you can get us a hot Mutton-Pye,
And call at the *Old Bare*, and bid the Fellow
Bring a Full Pot of Ale and Beer that's mellow.
Cousin, says t'other Madam, I am sorry
That I'm so very ill provided for you;
Tho' if you knew the Reason too for this,
I don't believe that you cou'd take't amiss.
Some City Ladies promis'd me this Week,
That they'd come here and play a Game at Gleek,
And sent at Nine to Day to let me know,
That at the farthest they'd be here by Two.
Now you must needs imagine this short Warning
Has put us in a Hurry all the Morning.

Madam.]

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 19

Madam.] You need not wrack your self for an Excuse,

We only want the Favour of your House ;
And the next time that I come here to dine,
I will be sure to send you Word by Nine.
Thus the two Madams had begun to scold,
When from a Coach a Lady bauls out, Hold ;
That is the Door that has the Iron Grate ;
Go, Coachman, knock, and ask for Madam *Kate*.

When Madam heard the Fellow at the Door,
Says she, They can't be here already sure :
But looking out and finding they were come,
She bauls for *Susan* to set Right the Room ;
And after having call'd the Wench some Names,
Runs to the Coach to introduce the Dames.
When she had brought them in and set them down,
And wish'd them happy at this End o'th' Town,
She thus begins to prattle, Ladies you're both
Exceeding welcome to me, by my Troth.
What shall I treat you with ? (Pray be so free)
Will you drink Coffee, Chocolate or Tea ?
Or will you please to drink a Dram of *Nantz* ?
I have as good as ever came from *France*.
Cit.] Why truly, Madam, if your Dram be right,
I think no Cordial in the World comes nigh't :
But we come neither here to drink nor eat,
Besides we were this Moment at a Treat.

Two

20 *The WAY of the TOWN: Or,*

Two Sparks, who chanc'd to hear of our Design,
Wou'd needs present us with a Glass of Wine,
And truly, I believe, as I'm a Sinner,
It cost them each a Guinea for our Dinner.
We seldom stir abroad, but when we go,
Few meet with better Fortune than we do.
You're very happy, says the other Madam;
Our Beaus, no matter if the Devil had 'em;
A Lady may go out time after time,
And not a Mortal ask her if she'll dine:
Our Beaus are all grown shabby stingy Creatures,
And think of nothing but their Shapes and Features.
If I stay long in Town I'll live i'th' City,
Where People are good humour'd if not witty.

Cit.] Wit and good Humour often go together,
But there be Citizens, good Store, have neither:
I'm certain in our Neighbourhood there's ten
Have no more Wit or Parts than other Men,
And yet they're so confounded cross and jealous,
Such stubborn, vile, ill-natur'd, surly Fellows,
An honest Woman can't stir out of Doors,
But presently she's call'd Ten Thousand Whores.
Our City Husbands, let me tell you, are
In most Respects but like our City Ware,
Some good, some bad, and some are both by Fits;
Even so it is with *Covent-Garden* Wits.

Says

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 21

Says t'other City Lady, with a Smile,
I fear your self you'd hardly reconcile,
To sit behind a Counter in the cold,
And hear a peevish Husband snarl and scold ;
And then at Night to go to bed alone,
Or, what's as bad, to be by such a Drone,
That like a Log till Morning snoring lies,
Then wakes and curses you, then bids you rise :
But this I do not from Experience speak.
No, Heav'ns forbid ! says *Kate*, my Heart wou'd
break ;

And yet methinks you look a little pale.
'Gad, you are in again for Cakes and Ale :
Your City is a strange productive Place.
Productive ? says the other Dame, alas !
Fumblers and Fools I grant we have good store,
And Cuckolds too more than a few I'm sure ;
That's the grand Product of our fruitful City.
Ay ? says the other Dame, the more's the pity.
But for my being in for't, I declare,
If you mean Breeding, I can safely swear
I am no more a breeding than you are. }
Marry ! a breeding ? that were strange indeed.
What do your *Covent-Garden* Ladies breed
After their Husbands have been gone away,
As mine has been, nine Months to *India* ?

Says

22 *The WAY of the TOWN*: Or,

Says Madam, Truly we have had some Ladies
That in their Husbands Absence have had Babies;
Some I cou'd mention in your Part o'th' Town
Have been so careful 'gainst their Spouses come,
That they have left 'em little else to do
But own, perhaps, a pretty Boy or two.
Madam, did you ne'er hear the Old Wives say,
Some Hens without the Help of Cocks will lay?
Cit.] Yes; but such Eggs will never hatch a Chicken,
No more than Women without Men can Quicken:
And I defie the World to shew me one,
That e'er conceiv'd without the Help of Man.
That's just as true, as what the old Wives tell,
Of dying Maids and leading Apes in Hell:
For if 'twere so, twould make 'em all afraid
To venture after Twelve to live a Maid.

But now you talk of Men, says Madam Kate,
We have a World of Eunuchs here of late;
And I'm afraid 'twill grow into a Fashion,
To castrate half the prett'est Boys i'th' Nation.
Well! 'tis a burning Shame, had I a Son,
For all the World I would not have it done.
How cruel 'tis a Mortal to deprive
Of the chief Thing that Nature has to give!
Were I a Man, and if 'twere in my choice,
I'd ne'er be mangl'd so to mend my Voice.

Says

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 23

Says t'other Madam, Sure you're much to blame
To talk such Language to a City Dame;
Such Stuff as this is only fit for Fops
To chatter to the Ladies in their Shops:
When to this End o'th' Town they chance to come,
They always leave their Eunuch Thoughts at home.
Pray, Ladies, have you seen the last new Play?
Madam, says one, we're not inclin'd that Way:
I hope the Lord has given us better Grace,
Than to be seen in such a filthy Place.

Once I must own I went to see *Jane Shore*,
But then, methoughts, I look'd so like a Whore,
That I resolv'd that I'd come there no more:
And then I had not went if my good Spouse
Had not engag'd the Rev'rend Mr. *Howse*
To see me safe. O he's a Man of Worth!

Madam.] He is indeed a powerful Holderforth.
But pray, good Lady, when the Play was done,
Did not his Reverence bring you to the *Tun*?

Madam, I tell no Tales; no Woman can
Conceive, you know, without the Help of Man.
The Consequence is plain; if you deny it,
I have another Maxim to apply it:

You City Ladies sin as Niggards treat,
Do it but seldom, but then do't compleat.

The Lady blush'd, and had begun to answer,
When in the Nick knocks *Spruce* the Country-Dancer:

Cloſe

24 *The WAY of the TOWN: Or,*

Close at his Heels a Bogland Warrior pinches,
Full six Foot long, and somewhere else ten Inches.
Two *Covent-Garden* Dealers, whose chief Trade is
'Mong the young Cits, or the old Merchants Ladies.

'Twere needless here to mention how soon *Kate*,
Without Instructions swallow'd down the Bait.
Lord! Gentlemen, you knock so hard, in short,
The Ladies think you're come to storm the Fort;
But pray come in, and if you'll walk up Stairs,
There you may better treat on your Affairs.

Says Madam, who knew both, As I'm a Sinner,
You let them pay too little for the Dinner.
'Tis true, as 'twas observ'd, i'th' good Wife's Flock,
A Hen may sometimes lay without a Cock:
But that's in Countries where no Cocks are found,
But not where Cocks, and swinging Cocks abound.
Then turning round, says she, Why, Cousin *Kate*,
Don't you begin your Game at Gleek too late?
Pray use the Ladies kindly by and by,
And for the Stock don't bid them up too high.

At this she hastens to the Place appointed,
Where Cousin *Kit* sate drest like Baby jointed.
Lord! Lord! says she, what made you stay so long?
Why how the Dickens shall we pass the Throng?

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 25

A Woman does more Damage to her Cloaths,
In crowding through a heap of nasty Beaus,
Than if that she shou'd wear them, in fair Weather,
Successively for Twenty Days together.

Come, come, says Madam, prithee hold thy scolding,
I have a Secret that is worth unfolding.

But first let's try if we can save our Places,
And after that pick up a Brace of Asses;
With whom we'll laugh, and sup, and, if we like 'em,
Let them propose a Bargain and we'll strike 'em;
And if we don't, with Paunches full retire,
And wait and wish for some good Country 'Squire.

Madam describ'd, we'll next proceed to shew,
The superfine Perfections of a Beau,
That the young 'Squire that ventures up to *London*,
May judge which way 'tis safest to be undone;
Or whether he will 'spouse the Heiress first,
And then turn Beau, and so be doubly curst.
A-marry'd Beau, by Heavens, I think that Creature,
The most authentick Wretch in human Nature;
Nor is she better much that he shall choose,
To tug with him in Matrimonial Noose:
And yet in either Play-house you shall find,
Six Days i'th' Week a world of either Kind.

26 *The WAR of the TOWN: Or,*

Sure never Town was better stor'd than this,
With both these sorts of choice Commodities,
And *Covent-Garden's* more than all the rest,
With Beaus and hopeful Heiresses possess:
Here the young 'Squire that thinks to mend the Breed,
May to his Wish in both respects succeed,
And quickly get a Tutor or a Wife,
And then h'as made his Fortune for his Life.

Here he'll find Beaus of diff'rent Size and Shape,
From the Court Beau down to the City Ape,
Sharppers and Bubbles, Cuckolds, Pimps and Panders,
And topping Beaus too that have been in *Flanders*.
Of all your Beaus our Military Beau,
Moves in most State, and makes the finest Show;
And well he may, considering the whole Nation,
In Duty's bound to keep the Fool in Fashion.

But to proceed, to let the 'Squire know,
Which are the chief Perfections of a Beau,
I think 'twere best to lead him to the Top,
And give him first a View of a Court Fop.
Of all the Fools that scandalize Mankind,
The Beaus of State were sure the first design'd;
Who, as they're more in Favour than the rest,
Have stronger Affectations to be dress'd.
And think, perhaps, they chiefly hold their Places,
By virtue of their Equipage and Faces.

At

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 27

At Ten they rise, and commonly by One,
They get the lower Teer of Rigging on,
And soon enough, considering that the Beaus
Depend so much upon their Shoes and Hose.
For 'tis observ'd the Beaus of different Ranks,
Have usually splay Feet and spindle Shanks;
And, if their Shoes and Stockings did not cure 'em,
There's not a Dame in twenty wou'd endure 'em.
The Ladies love a handsome Leg and Foot,
And judge the rest is all proportion'd to't:
And therefore who can discommend the Man,
To hide his Imperfections if he can?
When thus he's nicely rig'd from Toe to Wasse,
The Valet for the Shirt is call'd in haste:
When that s in Form put on, and Hide is scrub'd,
And stinking Armpits with the fowl one's rub'd,
Then to the Glass he goes to take a Saye,
O Heavens! says he, how ill I look to Day!
Confound me, if I don't believe my Face
Is sunk a Story lower than it was!
Why, Mounsierr, sure this cursed Glass must lye,
D--- me, methinks my Nose looks all awry.
Says Mounseieur, No, begar, it bin no more
Den 'twas at first. Sir, that's a Lye I'm sure.
You are a hopeful Valet, that don't know,
That nothing like a Nose sets off a Beau.

28 *The WAR of the TOWN: Or,*

Blockhead, a Nose should be as much i'th' Fashion,
As any other Thing that's wore i'th' Nation:
And I must tell you, Monsieur, that my Nose
Has given me much more Trouble than my Cloaths.
Whence once the Court long hooked Noses wore,
Mine was at first by much too short I'm sure,
Till I by many a Tug and bitter Pinch,
Had lengthen'd it, at least, a full half Inch.

Dat bin de Cause, says Monsieur, I suppose,
Your'n bin so very fine long picke Nose,
And warp a little, but, begar, me swear,
Dat does but give your'n Face de better Ayre:
All de fine Lord and Gentleman of *France*,
Wear de Hook Noses when dey Fight or Dance;
In *France* it bin de very nasty fight,
To see de Nose stand on de Face upright;
It bin de standing Trade roo there, Begar,
To mend de Nose, and make de Face look fair.

D—— your *French* Trades, bring me the *Spanish* Wool,
My Cheeks and Lips look so confounded dull,
The Ladies when they see me in this plight,
Will swear that I am Hag-rid ev'ry Night.
Pray put a Patch upon that nasty Pimple,
But take great care it does not hide my Dimple;
A Dimple is a precious thing, Monsieur,
Have you in *France* a Dimple Engineer.

Monsieur.]

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 29

Monsieur.] A Dimple Engineer, begar dere be,
In *France*, de Engineer of all Degree :
Dere bin de best and most of Engineer,
In de *French* Nation dat bin any where.
De *English* bin de Tools to de *French* Nation;
De *French* invent, and den dey ape de Fashion.
De *English* good for nothing but de War,
De *French* bin de fine Gentlemen, begar.
'Tis true, de *English* fight and take de Town,
But what of dat, dey lose dem when dey've done :
Dey bin de Devil and all to hack and cut,
And bin de Devil too to cram de Gut.
Dey must have Beef, and Pudding, and deir Wenches,
Or else, begar, dey will not mount de Trenches;
But de brave *French* can fight, *Monsieur*, me tell ye,
With de Head full, begar, and not de Belly.

But let me tell you, *Monsieur*, People say,
The *Frenchman's* Head's the first that runs away.

(shou'd stay?)

Monf.] For what you'd have de *Frenchman's* Head
What, wou'd you have him run without de Head?
Dat bin de pretty *English* Trick indeed.
Indeed de *English* Soldiers oft, we find,
March on to fight and leave de Head behind.

I wish, says he, some *English* Granadeer
Did hear you rattle at this rate, *Monsieur*;

30 *The WAY of the TOWN: Or,*

I fancy he'd make bold to tap your Scull,
To try with what it is so very full.

Monf.] So very full! (and then his Voice he strains,)
De Frenchman's Head bin nothing else but Brains.

All Brains, says he, and not a drop of Water,
Such Heads indeed must needs be full of Matter.
And are your Sculls all Brains too? By my Soul,
A Head all Brains wou'd never fit a Pole.
Sure, Monsieur, you have often heard and read
Of cunning Fellows with a damn'd long Head,
And very oft of thick, and paper Sculls,
Two Terms by which we Wits distinguish Fools;
And 'tis from thence the greatest Knave in vogue
By most is stil'd, long-headed crafty Rogue,
And a damn'd Fool, a thick or thin-scul'd Dog.

Monf.] *De English*, of all Nations, have de Fame,
For calling one another pretty Name:
Son of a bloody Bitch, Son for a Whore,
French Bougre, Houndsfoot, and Ten Thousand more.
Dese are de pretty Names de well-bred *English*,
In all deir common Talk demselves distinguish.
It bin, begar, de *English* Character,
To call de pretty Name, Blaspheme and Swear,
And till de Gentleman in dat excel,
Dey do not tink, garzoon, he bin bred well.

Can-

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 31

Confound you for a Whore's Bird, how you prate?
Hold your *French Clack*, or I shall break your Pate:
You are the most ungrateful Scoundrels, sure,
That ever bubbld Nation did endure.
When you came here you were as full of Cringes,
And bow'd and scrap'd as if you mov'd on Hinges:
When you had neither Shoe nor Shirt to wear,
Nothing was then so pliant as Monsieur;
But you'd no sooner cast your threadbare Coats,
But you began to huff and change your Notes;
Now every little Rogue, that never wore
A Shoe or Stocking in his Life before,
Gets Rigg'd from Top to Toe, and struts about,
Like City Fop when he from Wife breaks out,
Nay, you are grown so impudent of late,
That you set up for Ministers of State;
Turn Partizans, and if you're ask'd from whence
You take this damn'd confounded Insolence,
Your Answer is, you're born at *Westminster*;
Curse on those *English* Blockheads brought you there, }
But Monsieur, Monsieur, you must have a Care.

Thus Man and Master chat till all the Geer,
Are fix'd in Order on the Upper Teer;
And then a Chair is call'd, and out he goes
To *White's*, to see and to be seen by th' Beaus.
When he has paid his Complements in Form,
He calls his Footman, and pretends to storm,

32 *The WAY of the TOWN: Or,*

D--- me, says he, I had almost forgot,
 Run to my Lady Dutcheffes, you Sor;
 Here, take my Box, and if she likes the Snuff,
 Pray tell Her Grace that she shall have enough.
 Then, after you have done your Errant there,
 Carry this Letter up to *Leicester-Square*,
 And, with my Service, leave it you know where:
 Next go to Madam *Foyble's* with the Wine,
 And let her know that I'll come there and Dine.
 When that is done, let me consider, call
 Upon your Correspondent *Abigail*,
 And tell her, if her Lady be alone
 I'll wait upon her when the Play is done;
 And if she's not engag'd, then go and tell
 My Lord, Sir *Edward*, and the Colonel,
 That if they have an Hour or Two to spare,
 At Ten precisely I will meet them there.

Sir, quoth the Fellow, you was pleas'd to say,
 You'd Dine with the Embassador to Day.

Beau.] True: By my Soul, mine's a vile Head, G--rot it,
 I wou'd not have, for Fifty Pound; forgot it;
 Quickly go ask what time he goes to Dinner?
 I'd quite forgot, by Heavens, as I'm a Sinner.

The Skip dispatch'd, he calls for Chocolate;
 Stalks to the Glass and fingers his Crevat;

D---

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 33

D-- me, says he, this nasty bob-tail'd Wigg,
Gives me an Ayre just like a City Prig,
Drest up for Court, or like some Country Beau,
That upon *Sunday* only makes a Show.
At this he takes a Pinch. My *Frenchman's* grown
The clumsiest, laziest Varlet in the Town;
Lord, I am drest, 'twou'd make a Body spue.

Zoons, says a Gamester, I believe so too;
Your *Frenchman*, by my Soul's a useless Rogue,
He never minds what Fashions are in vogue,
I give my Slave but Five Pound and a Coat,
And shou'd he dress me so I'd cut his Throat.
Your Stockings, Sir, are roll'd the Taylors Way;
And Faith your Crevat hangs, as one may say,
Just like a Coller round a young Colt's Neck,
Too long at Bottom, and too wide a Peck.
D--n him, h'as put the Patch too on a Place
It hides the only Feature in your Face.

Sir, says another Rake, 'tis all a Jest,
No Man in *Europe* can be better drest.
You're as exactly fine in ev'ry Part,
As Nature well can be improv'd by Art:
Nor will the Drawing-room, or Play-house either,
Produce us one more nicely put together;
You are indeed of all the Beaus the Mirror.

34 *The WAR of the TOWN: Or,*

At this he takes another pinch of Snuff,
And to a Table marches in a Huff,
Calls for the News and reads, then in a Passion
He throws it down, and swears by his Salvation,
The Pope is an old Rogue to shelter *Perkin*;
D--- me, says he, there is some Mischief working.
How far is this *Avignon* from the Sea?
Curse me if I don't think he'll come that Way.

That Way, says one, how wou'd you have him come?
'Tis a long way about to go by *Rome*:
If he has no more Friends than he has there,
I think we need not be so full of Fear.
Rot him, says he, I wish we had him here.
And I shall live to see the Time, I hope,
When Granadeer shall haul him in a Rope,
In spite of all his Minions and the Pope.

Sir, have you heard the Story of the Fight,
'Twixt the two Mobs in *Smithfield* t'other Night;
An Officer, incog, upon the Spot,
Told me the Service grew so very hot,
That if the Soldiers had not come just then,
They had been forc'd to run away like Men.
A Soldier's, by my Soul, not worth a Straw,
Unless it be to keep the Mob in awe:
I'm told their Orders were to fire with Ball:
Confound the Dogs, wou'd they had kill'd them all.

Says

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 35

Says a Pacifick Captain in half Pay,
Sir, with Submission, that is not the way;
At that rate you might murder half the Town,
And, after all, not keep the Rabble down;
The more you murder still the more will rise,
Let's be a little, in our Anger, wise.

What a strange Turn is here in Things of late,
The Beaus are grown the Bullies of the State.
In all the Reigns of former Queens and Kings,
They were but peaking, shitten, puly Things,
Meer Ladies Lap-dogs, Baubles of the Court,
And only fit to make a little Sport.
But now they huff and swear at every Word,
And talk of nothing less than Fire and Sword,
And yet they say they're all damn'd Cowards too,
Strange Alteration this! and yet 'tis true.
What can't fine Cloaths and great Preferment do?

At which our Beau, altho' not over mett'd,
You must imagine, grew a little nett'd;
Says he, I fancy you the Beau mistake,
This sure must be some Military Rake:
Those Sparks indeed in Parties strole the Town,
And Men and Boys, nay, Women they knock down.
Whether 'ris Heat of Blood, or furious Zeal
For Common Good, or for a Commonweal;

36 *The WAY of the TOWN: Or,*

Or whether 'tis for either, for some say,
They fight the Mob, just like the *French*, for Pay.

High Words began to rise, when, in lac'd Coat,
Comes Lackey, from his Lady, with a Note;
Captain, says he, you see I'm call'd away,
And you know, Sir, the Ladies must not stay;
When we meet next, we'll more at large debate,
The different Use of Beaus, of War and State.

Thus far a Beau of State. Now next we'll shew
Our Country-Squire a *Covent-Garden* Beau;
And in his gen'ral Character comprize
All other Beaus of ev'ry sort and size.

Of all the *London* pretty Raree-Shows,
Nothing exceeds the *Covent-Garden* Beaus;
And if the Creatures wern't so common grown,
They'd be the most diverting Things in Town.
Where they were bred, or whence they took the Name,
Is not on Record in our Books of Fame;
'Bout which our Learned Authors differ more,
Than those for *Homer's* Birth in Days of Yore.
Some hold a Beau at first was brought from *Gaul*,
And came in Shape of *Marque* to *Whitehall*,
Where by his Antick Tricks and Modish Ayre,
He made such wondrous Conquests o'er the Fair,

That

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 25

That 'twas not long e're this New-fashion'd Race,
Had got intire Possession of the Place;
From whence, like Riv'lets from a Fountain's Head,
All o'er the Town their numerous Issue spread.

But some deny all this, and firmly hold,
That the first Beaus were of *Hibernian* Mold,
Who having learn'd the *Gallick* Ayres and Arts,
Came to the *British* Court to use their Parts;
Where to their utmost Wishes they succeed,
And quickly scatter through the Isle their Breed.
But that's no wonder, since most Seeds are found,
To flourish better when they change the Ground,
And, like Potatoes in our *English* Soil,
Encrease so fast that they the Garden spoil.

From this too fruitful Kind a Notion goes,
At first sprung up the Modern Race of Beaus,
Who, in a little time, o'er-stock'd the Shops,
The Court, the Pulpit, and the Bar, with Fops;
Fops whose chief Talent is their want of Sence,
And, next to that, a nat'ral Confidence:
And yet, I know not how it comes to pass,
Most of our Women like a Bogland Ass.
From whence 'tis plain, great part o'th' Knight & Squires
That late turn'd Beaus, sprung from *Hibernian* Sires.

E

I grant,

26 *The WAR of the TOWN: Or,*

I grant, there's Beaus too of the *English* growth,
But no Man knows what Lineage they came off:
Some are half honest, others are half *Kurve*,
Some are half Mad, half Witty, and half Brave,
But that's but few, the Major part are Apes,
Form'd for meer Sport, and differ but in Shapes.
Some too there are in whom these Halfs are join'd,
Which altogether make the Beau refin'd:
And such are those o'th' *Covent-Garden* Kind. }
At least, they're such that I'd attempt to shew,
The Country-'Squire that longs to be a Beau.

Then gentle 'Squire be pleas'd to jog along,
And at one view I'll shew you a whole Throng:
To *Will's* or *Tom's* if you'll vouchsafe to go,
We cannot fail to meet with Beaus enow:
Before the Play, and after it is done,
Thither whole Crouds in gaudy Trapings come,
Where they amidst a Gang of Sharpers sit,
By whom they're laught at first and after bit.

Here you shall often see a Fop of State,
Crowded by Fools to hear the Blockhead prate;
Gravely he dictates, struts like new-rigg'd Bully,
But ten to one's both Coward, Fool, and Cully;
An empty bawling Tool, a Foe to Sence,
A perfect Emblem of Impertinence;

And

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 27

And yet this Creature's flatter'd by the Beaus,
Who measure his Perfections by his Cloaths.

At the next Table sits the pamper'd Rake,
Who drinks and eats for drink and eating's sake;
This useless Lump, for whom no Virtue pleads,
His beastly Corps with costly Vlands feeds;
All his Discourse is where to Sup or Dine,
Who's the best Cook, who sells the richest Wine.
Those are his daily Study till the Beast,
VVith too much Ease and Luxury oppress,
Loses at once both Appetite and Taste.
This Fool, like other Fops, fine Cloaths affects,
And thinks, like them, they mend his Intellects,
Strives to be witty too, and what is more,
Purely for Fashion sake he keeps a VVhore.
But as those Creatures are below Lampoon,
VVhose very Looks their Characters make known,
VVe'll drop this Fool and let the rest alone.

Next, if you'd see some Beaus in their full Lustre,
Observe those furious Red-coats how they bluster;
There's not a Beau of them but will pass Muster.
Pray mark that Cheifstain with th'embroider'd Coat,
But don't go near him, 'Squire, he'll cut your Throat:
H'as kill'd a Lord already in his Fury,
And got off safe too, thank an honest Jury:

28 *The WAR of the TOWN: Or,*

No matter how he did it, since the Man,
Among the Godly is a Puritan;
For Puritans may, in some Cases, do
A thousand Mischiefs, and be brought off too.

Suppose a Puritan a Tory kills,
He but the Blood of the Ungodly spills;
Or if he raise the Mob, and make a Riot,
He only does it for the Publick Quiet:
But if a Tory kills a Puritan,
The Case is chang'd, and he's a sinful Man;
Or if, by chance, on Day of Restoration,
The Tories break some Windows on Occasion,
O what an Out-cry's made among the Saints,
And how the Nation rings with their Complaints!
The fighting Beaus are instantly call'd up,
To head the Rabble, and to burn the Pope:
Poor Pope! but why these Cheifstains treat him thus,
I vow to God, to me's miraculous.
Since they have no Religion of their own,
Methinks that they might let the Pope's alone.

Well, 'twas not thus in good Queen Bess's Days,
Whoe'er he was that then did Tumults raise,
Altho' he was as great, or fine a Beau,
As e'er in *British* Island made a Show,
She quickly strip'd him of his gay Apparel,
And sent him somewhere else to raise a Quarrel.

But

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 29

But now I think on't we must have a care,
There's a most bloody fighting Beau fits there,
That Beau with the deep Chin and hooked Nose,
Is the most desperate Beau of all the Beaus.

O! had you seen him on that dreadful Night,
When the two Mobs were close engag'd in Fight,
With what a furious Ayre his Sword he drew,
And with what Rage he charg'd the Boy in Blue,
You'd been amaz'd at first; until, alas,
As once it happen'd to stout *Hudibras*,
A strapping Amazon with Stick of Mop,
Full on the Pate struck the courageous Fop
So fierce a Blow, that down the Chestnut fell;
And, oh! what Tongue the direful Tale can tell?
Cover'd with Dirt, how he i'th' Kennel lay,
Till he crawl'd out o'th' Crowd, and run away!

At the next Table sits the Volunteers,
Whose Intellects are greener than their Years;
A half-bred, rakish Crew, with empty Skulls,
The solid Armour of those noisy Fools.
Observe the pretty Beaus, how the raw Fops,
Value themselves upon their Whores and Claps;
How they Blaspheme, and Curse, and Domineer,
And what new Oaths at every Sentence swear.

30 *The WAY of the TOWN: Or,*

There's one of these from Mother just set free,
The Off-spring of an ancient Family:
This Fool has left the Country and come up,
To study the Employments of a Fop;
And truly the young 'Squire improves so fast,
There's hopes he'll make a topping Beau at last.

With Hat and Feather, and fine Scarf, made proud,
See how the Coxcomb struts among the Crowd.
This Butterfly may flutter through the Town,
Drink, Whore, and Game a while, and be undone,
As many 'Squires have been in half a Year,
Five Brace of which I now can shew you here.

Pray, 'Squire, for once observe this standing Rule,
'Tis not an easy thing to play the Fool:
Nothing suits worse with Vice, than want of Sence,
Such Beaus are foolish at their own Expence,
And, to speak Truth, are commonly the Tools,
That Knaves employ i'th' Management of Fools:
But I must tell you too, as the World goes,
There's a vast Gang of Rogues that wear fine Cloaths,
Are Fools by Art, and by Design are Beaus.

But, lest that we stay here beyond our Time,
Observe that Fellow so exceeding fine;
That Senceless Scoundrel that's so finely drest,
Is the Epitomy of all the rest:

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 31

A gaudy Fool, impertinent and loud,
And yet, oh Heavens! the Idol of the Crowd.

Now would you think that this eternal Beau,
That bullies at this rate, and makes this Show,
Was but the spurious Brat of Common Whore,
Got on a Bulk, and beg'd from Door to Door,
Till a Lifeguardman took the fousy Imp,
And made him first his Groom, and then his Pimp;
In which high Post he quickly gain'd Renown,
With the best Cheats and the worst Whores in Town:
And thus he liv'd, till Baud of great Repute,
Chose him to be her Station and her Mute.
But there he stay'd not long before a Lord
Took the vile Rascal home to Bed and Board,
Made him his Pander too, and thus he rose,
To be a fit Companion for the Beaus.

Oh Impudence! oh powerful Impudence!
Who's stock'd with that to all things has pretence:
'Tis that alone prefers, alone makes great,
And gives to Villans Titles and Estate.
Could but my Muse with powerful Saryr bite,
Against these sort of Vermin I wou'd write;
Mark out some leading Coxcombs from the Crew,
And with Contempt place them in publick View,
That ev'ry Country Gentleman or 'Squire,
May loath the Sight, and home again retire.

From

32 *The WAY of the TOWN. OF,*

From Tom's I went to B---on's and the Rose,
To shew the 'Squire two different Ranks of Beaus.
And first at B---on's 'twas our Luck to find
A Crowd of Fops, tho' of another kind,
Poets and Players, intermix'd with Cits,
And other Beaus that take themselves for Wits.

Among this Herd there was a new-made Knight,
By Nature form'd ridiculous in spite.
This Fool, like *Æsop's* Daw, struts in false Plumes,
And yet to censure and advise presumes,
And does 'em both with such a formal Grace,
That he's become the Patron of the Place.

In broad-brim'd Hats, long Wigs, and muddy Cloaths,
Stood round him all the Tribe of Scribbling Beaus;
Among the rest, one formidably Grave,
An equal Mixture both of Fool and Knave;
Fam'd for Lampoon among the City Prigs,
The Champion and the Darling of the Whigs:
This Bard, if I may call an Atheist so,
Was but a Hackney-Scribe not long ago,
Wou'd, for a Dinner, common Whore lampoon,
Or write a bawdy Song for half a Crown.
But now's turn'd Beau, and bullies all the Town.

Who can with Patience, and with Silence sit,
And see that worst of Coxcombs, Wou'd-be-wit?

An

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 33

An ill-bred Fop, that scarce can Read or Write,
Yet he, forsooth, has hopes to be a Knight.
Who'd be a Critick with a broken Pate,
Or, in a cudgel'd Skin, a Magistrate?
Who wou'd be thought a Wit, at the Expence
Of want of Learning, Honesty, and Sence?
Or who, to please a Party, wou'd take pains,
To shew a want of Manners and of Brains?
And yet there are, among this motley Crew,
All sorts of these, and some are Toppers too.

I'll tell you, 'Squire, if I may speak my Mind,
These are the Beaus o'th' worst and meanest Kind;
Poor empty Fops, whose only Talents lye
In lewd Discourse, and their own History;
Therefore let's leave these Fools, already known
To be the leading Blockheads of the Town.

Hence to the *Rose* we went, where the whole Room
Was full of Beaus, but such below Lampoon:
There ev'ry sharpening scoundrel Cheat enjoys
His Liberty and Property of Noise,
Sets up for Wit, and awkwardly is lewd,
With Oaths and bawdy Songs harangues the Crowd,
Barbers, and Coachmen, and young Cits a few,
With Beaus reduc'd, are mixt among the Crew,
And here and there a Gentleman, whom Fate
Has forc'd to live in this unhappy State.

Whilst

34 *The WAR of the TOWN: Or,*

Whilst we were looking round, a famous Mack
Comes to the Squire, and claps him on the Back,
If you'r dispos'd to try your Luck, says he,
You cannot do't in better Company:
Here, Waiter, bring a Chair; come, Sir, sit down,
Set 'em a Piece, and I will go my Crown.
Heavens! what strange monstrous Vermitt must these be,
That thus at fight prey upon all they see,
And take all Strangers for their Property!
Loath'd with this nauseous Place, our Drams we pay,
And so, in short, we hasten'd to the Play.

'Twas a New Play, and all the House was cram'd,
With Fools that come to have it fav'd or damn'd.
Among the Crowd, it was our Chance to get
Into the Criticks Corner of the Pit;
A sort of Creatures Nature makes in Spight,
Who judge by Parties, and for Parties write.

These are another kind of noisy Tools,
That wou'd be Wits, but are, in truth, but Fools;
Things without Judgment, Learning, Shame or Sence
Whose only Talent is their Impudence;
Who hiss and clap by President or Chance,
And oft do both through Pride or Ignorance.

Remov'd from hence, it was our Chance to come
Among the leddest Rakes in *Christendom*;

The Covent-Garden HEIRESS. 35

A Set of Foplings, just reliev'd from School,
Who scarce had learn'd the way to play the Fool,
And yet these forward Youngers swear and curse,
And damn the Players, and the Poet worse:
These Apes, tho' all they do's not worth a farthing,
Yet they have made the Stage a meer *Bear-Garden*.
Amidst this Gang, a 'Squire new dub'd a Beau,
Made both the loudest Noise and greatest Show;
Next him there sat an Heiress and a Jade,
Who were, by turns, the Mistress and the Maid.
To them the Fopling crowds and thus began,
Madam, I vow you have a pretty Fan.

My Fan, says she, may serve me well enough,
To draw the Air and keep a Coxcomb off.
At this the Puppey bows, and grins, and shrugs,
And ruff'd Foretop into Order tugs,
Looks on his Watch, takes Snuff, and shews his Ring,
D--- me, says he, if't ben't a pretty Thing;
I love a Figure when 'tis drawn to th' Life.

Mad.] Pray give me leave, Sir, have you got a Wife?
If you'd draw Figures, that's the proper Place.
Faith, says the 'Squire, and you have hit my Case,
I want a Wife to draw some Figures by.
Mad.] And can this Town afford you no Supply?
A Person that so well does understand
A Ladies Fan, can never hang on hand;

Be-

36 *The WAR of the TOWN: Or,*

Besides, you're handsom, and a Man of Parts,
And they ne'er fail to win the Ladies Hearts.

Beau.] This is your Goodness, more than my Deserts.

At this he hem'd, and took a pinch of Snuff;
This Play, says he, is damn'd insipid stuff,
I'd give a Guinea I were fairly out.

Mad.] That you may quickly be, without all doubt.

Beau.] If you'll go first, I'll try to follow you.

Mad.] And won't you give a Guinea for that too?

But come, we'll make no farther Bargain here,
I'll lead the Van, do you bring up the Rear.

At this the Squire stood up, I find, says he,
This scurvy Town and I shall ne'er agree;
I well perceive these Heiresses and Beaus,
Are only Jilts and Coxcombs in fine Cloaths.
I've seen enough to make me loath the Town,
As I came up in haste, so I'll go down;
With Triumph I'll retire to my own Grange,
Beyond whose Bounds I'll very rarely range.
There I'll enjoy my self, my Health and Ease,
Have nothing else to do but what I please;
Beneath a Shade near some small River's Brink,
Sometimes sit calmly down, and read and think.
Quit all Pretensions to a City Wife,
Despise the Soldier's and the Courtier's Life.
Thus blest and happy in my native Seat,
In Peace I'll live, and labour to forget
The Nonsense, Pride and Follies of the Great.



THE
F A B L E
OF THE
Silver PISS-POT.

IN Days of Yore there liv'd a stately Dame,
Our Authors vary much about her Name :
But yet in gen'ral Terms they all confess,
She flourish'd in the Reign of good Queen *Bess*.

This haughty Dame retain'd among her Plate
A SILVER PISS-POT, which, she kept for State :
Upon her Cup-board still the Urn she plac'd,
With Marks of Favour and Distinction grac'd,
And always kept the Utenfil so clean,
It might approach the Secrets of a Queen :

F

Nay

Nay, some will tell you, if we'll Credit glve,
 It often did the Maiden Queen-relieve.
 On which Account the Lady us'd to call
 Her Pot, in Sporr, the Prince's Urinal;
 And when she dy'd she left it in her Will,
 It should be call'd, *The Royal Piss-Pot*, still.

But, see how strangely Time brings Things about,
 This Lady dies, and then it thus fell out,
 Her Heir apparent brings it up to Town,
 And there 'tis made a Drudge to ev'ry Room:
 Pimps, Chambermaids, Valets, and Footmen too,
 Use it by turns for Excrement or Spew:
 In short, the Dame and Vessel are forgot,
 And it became a common *Chamber-Pot*.

This was some time this Urinal's hard Case,
 Until, at length, the Grandame of the Race,
 Came on a Day to overlook the Place;
 As she from Room to Room inspecting went,
 This Pot she spies, brim full of Excrement.
 Surpriz'd at this, she gave a sudden Start,
 O Heavens! (says she) yon Object wounds my Heart:
 I little thought that I should ever see
 This ancient Standard of our Family,
 Despis'd and treated like a Prostitute,
 And made a Sink to ev'ry common Brute.

Dear

Dear Neece, this Vessel, tho' it be grown old,
Is worth, to us, above its Weight in Gold.
But 'tis your Way, you City Ladies all,
Use all old Things just like this Urinal:
When they decline and out of Fashion grow,
They're slighted and no longer fit for you:
But, Madam, I'll take care, before I die,
To have an Heir shall prize my Memory.

Had I a hundred Tongues, and Wit as large,
As could their hundred Offices discharge,
With all those Tongues I should in vain engage,
To represent this angry Matrons Rage:
She Sigh'd, she Wept, she Swore, she Vow'd, she Pray'd,
And length she paus'd and call'd the Chambermaid.

Thou Drab, says she, thou lazy sluttish Quean,
Go quickly make that goodly Vessel clean:
You shall have *Silver Chamber-pots*, you shall,
Thou worst of human Breed, thou *Abigal*.
But I'll take care this shall no more be made
A common Jaques to every stinking Jade.

Down from the Time my Grandmother was wed,
This slighted Pot has grac'd the Marriage Bed.
At Times of Joy, when any Heir was born,
This Pot did then the Festival adorn:

At all our VVeddings and our Christ'ning-Feasts,
 This Pot stood ready to assist the Guests,
 And on such great Oecasions only us'd:
 Then who can bear to see it thus abus'd.

Nay, more than this, I speak it with Delight,
 It stood by me too, on my Wedding-Night:
 There, whilst I lay, with Pleasure in Excess,
 It often gave me Ease in my Distress.
 My Bridegroom too, the Partner of my Joy,
 Did, more than once, the pleasing Urn imploy.

Whilst thus she rav'd, the Handmaid brought the Pot,
 Which soon the Matron in her Clutches got,
 O welcome, dearest Utenfil, says she,
 Thou oldest Servant of our Family:
 Henceforth thou shalt be my peculiar Care,
 And when I die I'll leave thee to an Heir,
 Thy Use and Merits better understands,
 Than to commit thee into vulgar Hands.

Thus, having spoke, she with the Pot withdrew,
 And, as 'twas thought, evacuated too.
 But, gentle Reader, that I leave to you.

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